

THE TOBRIL

Issue 5 — September 2003



To F. ACUNDO!!!
PAREDES 03

The Tobril

A DRAGONLANCE web-magazine

Issue 5 — September 2003

Table of Contents

| | |
|---------|---|
| 3 | Editorial |
| 4 | Kender Corner: Kender Mystics and Sorcerers |
| 6 | Roaming Krynn: A Wizard's Tale |
| 9 | Ansalonian Gazetteer: Saifhum |
| 14..... | Secret Societies, Fraternal Orders, Guilds and Clandestine Organizations: Part Two – Selected Groups |
| 21..... | Racial Traits and other details for Dragonlance PCs |

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Editorial

The Long Wait is Over

—Written by Luis Fernando De Pippo



et me state that the release of the new Dragonlance Campaign Setting fills me with pride and joy. Pride

because I was one of the people, along with the fan base, that kept the setting alive during its dark years and joy because my favorite campaign has returned to life.

For those of you who don't know the history of Dragonlance, the setting was "unofficially" dead after its last Fifth Age product, *Palanthas*, was published. This was due to low sales, even though the Fifth Age products were much better written and full of information. Also TSR suffered from financial troubles and all of its brands suffered and withered until TSR was officially dead and Wizards of the Coast bought the rights to its products.

Wizards had great plans for its AD&D franchise and the first move was to update the rules and create a new edition of the game. Wizards dropped the Advanced from the logo and the game returned to be just old plain Dungeons & Dragons.

Many felt that the Dragonlance setting would be revived, along with the Greyhawk and Forgotten Realms settings, and would enter a new phase of splendor. Initial word from Wizards suggested that this would be the case. Alas our dreams were soon shattered and Dragonlance officially joined the dead worlds such as Dark Sun or Ravenloft.

All was not lost however. Wizards of the Coast decided to lend their "unused" settings to the fans to develop 3rd edition rules for them, a move that, along with the Open Gaming Licence, endeared the company to the fan base. A new site called the Dragonlance Nexus was formed, under

the auspices of Tracy Hickman, to create official rules for the setting. A Whitestone Council convened, of which I am a member, and this group of fans, along with regular members from the DL-L mailing list, AFDL and the message boards, started discussing the new rules and how to apply them to Dragonlance.

It was due to this site, and sister sites such as Kargatane.com, The Burnt World of Athas, Planeswalker.com and others, that Wizards decided to start licensing their properties such as Ravenloft and Dragonlance to other companies. You can say that it is thanks to these sites that you can now have a hardcover 3rd edition version of your favorite setting. Also we must not forget the fans that sent endless e-mails and petitions for Wizards to revive the setting.

Sovereign Press, the company of Margaret Weis and creator of the Sovereign Stone RPG game, bought the rights to the setting and started producing it with Jamie Chambers and Christopher Coyle. Along the way the Whitestone Council helped with many parts of the book and now the final product has reached your hands.

We have waited for months, we have waited for years, but when you read these lines the new *Dragonlance Campaign Setting* book will be on store shelves near you full of 3rd Edition rules, great illustrations, and wondrous maps. And, of course, let's not forget the *Age of Mortals* book, which will have all the information needed to start a campaign in the broken world that has emerged from the War of Souls trilogy.

So at last the long wait is over, and we are proud to announce that from now on the articles in *the Tobril* will be fully D&D 3.5 and *Dragonlance Campaign Setting* compatible.

Luis Fernando De Pippo
Editor of *the Tobril*

Submitting your articles:

If you've written a piece of fiction, reference, gaming or have some other Dragonlance-related article to show the community and would like to see it in a future issue of *the Tobril* just send your proposals to tobril@dragonlance.com. We're also very interested in hearing your thoughts on the magazine so sharpen those quills and bring out the ink. "By the fans, for the fans."

Do you want to help?

If you like to draw Dragonlance characters or help proofread the magazine, email us. We're looking for a few good fans.



Kender Corner

Kender Mystics and Sorcerers

—Written by Sean Macdonald; illustrated by Naomi Nemes

At the end of the Fourth Age when the gods withdrew from the world, they took with them their divine magic. Hope for the future seemed bleak to say the least. Then, once again Goldmoon, the Lightbringer, Hero of the Lance found something within herself that no one had discovered before.

She discovered the ability within herself to heal a wounded dwarf. With her newfound ability Goldmoon traveled to the Isle of Schallsea, the home of the silver stair, a magical landmark once linked with the old gods. While there she began an organization and started teaching others how to draw upon the power from within. Eventually the Citadel of Light was constructed and over the years Goldmoon taught many people how to use the Spirit of the Heart.

In the years following the founding of the Citadel of Light, many kender traveled there looking for miracles and to witness the Power of the Heart for themselves. Most were sufficiently satisfied with a small display of power and wandered off. Other kender wanted to learn more about how to call upon this power and asked to be taught. The mystics that had the unfortunate task of teaching these kender did their best to weed out the diamonds in the rough.

They began by having the kender listen to dissertations on the seriousness and responsibility required to wield the power. Of course many kender grew bored with the tedious lecturing and repetitive instruction and were inclined to apologetically leave. Those that remained or slept through the lectures were asked to perform a ritual of mediation and self-introspection. By the end of this ritual only the most dedicated or sleepy kender remained (which was very few). Then instruction on the use of the power began. Some kender found they could never call forth

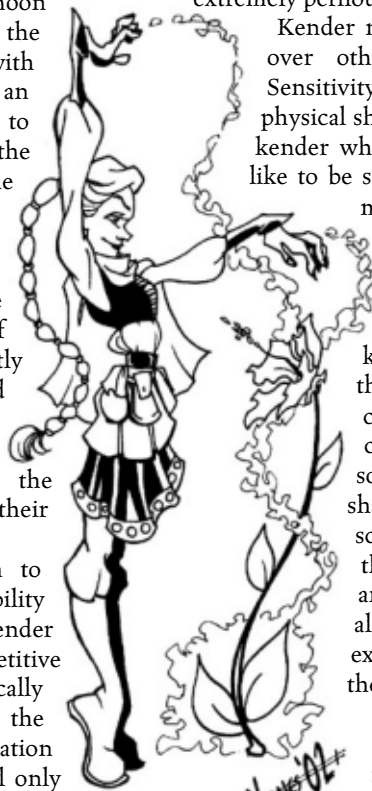
the magic, but other kender found that with effort they could call forth the magic as if it was something they had always felt within themselves. These few kender became the first kender mystics.

Many kender mystics spread their teachings without the suggested training. But their students have only learned to tap into a minimal amount of the living energy within themselves and rarely grow very powerful. Only those kender that show an inordinate amount of dedication can grow to be powerful mystics. Surprisingly afflicted kender seem to have excelled in this. Many use their power to protect their loved ones and themselves from harm. Across the Desolation many kender resistance groups have at least one mystic among them, as life in the Desolation is extremely perilous.

Kender mystics lean toward three mystics spheres over others, that of Alteration, Healing, and Sensitivity. Alteration, the power to change ones physical shape or the shape of others, is fascinating to kender who have often fantasized what it would be like to be something or someone else. It's one of the most shocking of mystic abilities, which is why kender find it so fun to perform.

Healing is of course the sphere that allows one to cure the sick, and mend wounds. This is sphere that most afflicted kender take, their paranoia and concern for their well being makes this a favorable choice. Sensitivity, the power to determine a creature's disposition and demeanor, is something that all true kender have naturally shared. Their taunting talent is the ability to scrutinize an opponent and develop taunts that can drive them up a wall. Sensitivity is an extension of this natural perception. It allows them to see people's thoughts and examine their emotions so as to understand them even better.

Kender mystics do not normally learn the other spheres of mysticism. Channeling, Meditation and Mentalism are too cerebral for kender to fully comprehend. Necromancy and Spiritualism are interesting, but not interesting enough to want to dedicate



Mystic

your life talking to the dead. Animism is interesting and certainly a direction some kender may lean, but the majority find the other spheres more to their liking.

Kender mystics do not usually dress in any manner that would differentiate them from other kender. The lack of divine instruction and direction that comes with the practice of following a god is lost on a kender mystic that only feels the call of their own heart and follows those guidelines they set for their life.

KENDER SORCERERS

"There may be other magic. It is up to you to find it." These were the parting words of Paladine to Palin Majere at the beginning of the Fifth Age. Working relentlessly with the remaining members of the Wizards Conclave he discovered that Krynn had a residual magic left over from the creation of the world and amplified by the recent passing of Chaos. This ancient power was unstable and primal in nature. It took three of the most talented wizards of the time, Archmage Palin Majere, the master of the Tower, and the mysterious Shadow Sorcerer to discover how to call forth and shape the magic.

In 29 SC Palin Majere established the Academy of Sorcery, a school dedicated to the instruction of Sorcery. In the years following the founding of the school students of all sorts journeyed to the Academy. The requirements of the institution were much more lax than those of the Wizards of High Sorcery. Anyone who could show an aptitude for magic was welcome. But after only eight years the Academy was destroyed during an attack by draconians. By that time only a handful of sorcerers had received enough training in order to pass on the teachings. Of that handful one was a kender, an afflicted kender by the name of Todwin Scorchstep. He took his knowledge to the Desolation and eventually knowledge of sorcery even made its way into the kender homeland of Hylo.

Wizardry has always been a strict process; it demands meditation, concentration, sacrifice, obedience, and a rigid lifestyle of constant research and study to advance. So naturally when kender first heard of a magic that was available all around them, they assumed that every kender would be up and flying around Ansalon in no time. They soon discovered however, that sorcery was not as easy to perform as they first thought it might be. They discovered that casting spells takes work and only those kender with extraordinary patience and concentration could even cast the most simple of spells. Plus the effort of casting even a simple light show would sometimes tire them out for hours. All in all, most kender that have always longed to cast a spell discovered that it takes much more than whispering a few words and pointing a finger to make something spectacular happen.

But all hindrances aside, some kender did take to sorcery. Afflicted kender persevered with a fierce determination and

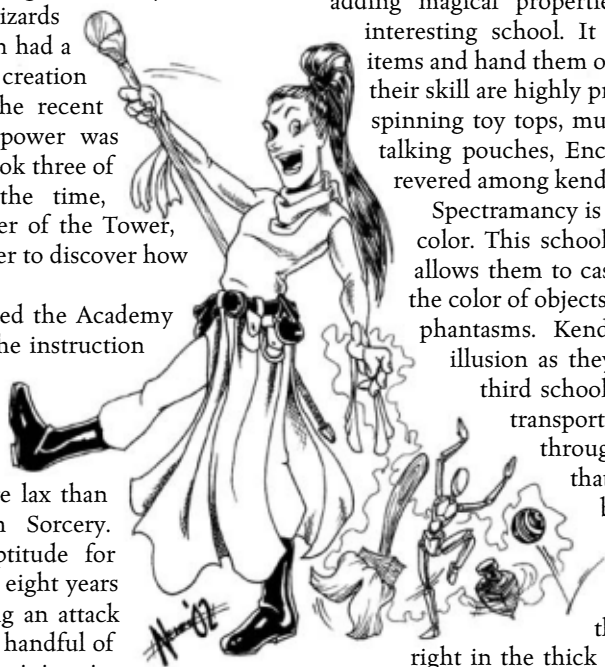
a frightening need to conquer the magic, and true kender simply could not give up after casting the first spell, their natural curiosity compelling them to learn the next great trick and see just how far they could go. Other kender were found to be natural sorcerers and never had to work as hard as the rest. These kender travel Ansalon just as other kender, with an insatiable curiosity and a nose for trouble. The only difference may be that some kender sorcerers prefer to wear robes and adorn themselves with items that make them look more "wizardly".

The Academy of Sorcery discovered eleven different schools of this primordial magic. Kender sorcerers lean toward three schools over others, those of Enchantment, Spectramancy, and Summoning. Enchantment, the art of adding magical properties to an item is an incredible interesting school. It allows kender to enchant small items and hand them out as gifts. Such demonstrations of their skill are highly prized in kender communities. Self-spinning toy tops, musical stones, dancing feathers and talking pouches, Enchanters are highly respected and revered among kender.

Spectramancy is the ability to manipulate light and color. This school is a favorite among kender as it allows them to cast spectacular light shows, change the color of objects and best of all create illusions and phantasms. Kender have a special fondness for illusion as they find it highly entertaining. The third school, Summoning, allows a kender to transport themselves to various locations through the use of their magic. It's true that most of the fun is getting there,

but when a rumor reaches the ears of a kender that a location on the other side of the continent is in dire trouble, they can be there weeks before their peers, right in the thick of the danger and excitement. Of the elemental schools, Aeromancy is primarily studied for the ability to fly or to travel underwater by surrounding themselves in a bubble of air, and the other schools are occasionally favored, based on the personality of each kender.

Kender sorcerers are more abundant than kender wizards, but they rarely reach their full potential. Occasionally this is due to a simple lack of concentration and discipline on their part, but to be honest many just don't live long enough to reach the limits of their power. Thus most kender tales of spellcasting kender are just that—kender tales.



Sorcerer

About the Author

Sean Macdonald has been dreaming about Krynn for almost two decades and is webmaster of the largest kender website on the Internet. He is currently part of the Whitestone Council and is looking forward to the future of gaming in Dragonlance. He is kender crazy and has just finished the long awaited kender handbook called *the Kencyclopedia*.



Roaming Krynn

A Wizard's Tale

—Written by Neil Burton & Luis Fernando De Pippo; illustrated by Diego Andres Paredes

I find it strange that have never
consigned my early life to
paper, considering all the
things I have done and all the
people I have met. I will correct
that now, and while the account will lack
details, I will endeavor to describe the
moments that truly changed my life with as
much honesty as I can. If anyone reads this,
you may not believe what I say. Feel free to
doubt me if you wish - but the truth is in
here.

DRAGONBANE'S TALE

My tale begins elsewhere. I was not born on Krynn, that much I do remember. I am sure I come from some other world but I cannot say from where, nor do I remember who my parents were or what they looked like. I do not remember anything before my eighteenth birthday, the day when I found myself facing an old man. Without preamble he said that in order to remain on Krynn and survive I should choose one of four professions: the way of the fighter, rogue, cleric or wizard. While at that moment I did not remember anything from my previous life, and still don't to this day, I knew for certain that I had always wanted to be a wizard, and so the choice was not a difficult one.

I found my mind flooded with knowledge, but I lacked the training to put it to use effectively. From what I learned I found myself right in the middle of a conflict known as the Dragon Wars. This war was being waged by the Dark Queen of Krynn and her servants, against the Knights of Solamnia and their allies, who seemed to be losing the struggle. Only much later would I understand the true scope of the war.

The old man took me to Palanthas, the last bastion of the Solamnics, and talked to the head of the Conclave himself, the black-robed Fistantantilus, who was to provide me with training in the wizardly arts. A bony old man, the head of the

Conclave took special interest in me and devised a course of training that I barely survived. At each turn I was forced to excel just to stay alive... or sane. I will say this of the old man: he was an evil, heartless bastard, but he truly knew his craft. I progressed swiftly under his tutelage, and in two years I was ready to face the Test of High Sorcery.

To this day I still have nightmares about my Test. A vision of myself as a reptilian monstrosity is something I do not care to remember, nor do I wish to admit that I passed the test not because of my grasp of magic or tactical spellcasting, but because I managed to kill my opponent with a rock when my spells failed to do any damage to her. The fact that I had never killed before, and that my enemy was female, also contributed to my nightmares.

After my graduation, and my shining red robe, I was free to do as I wished. However before I left Fistantantilus called me to his study – and there he used his infamous Bloodstone on me, trying to suck my very soul from its body and replace it with his own. Unable to move, I watched as three times he tried, and three times he failed. I knew he was ready to kill me but something he saw in the chamber changed his intent. Instead of murder he gave me a collection of magical items, a great spellbook and his blessing. To this day I wonder what made Fistantantilus change his mind and, considering the turns my life have taken, I wonder if it would not have been best to let the old mage take my life. As a parting gift he suggested that I join a group of red and white-robed wizards that were being sent to the Knights of Solamnia to help with the war effort. With few other options, I took his advice.

It was that fateful trip that shattered my life, broke it with such force that I am still picking up the pieces. On the front near Vingaard's Keep I met a man who would become one of my best friends, a young knight named Huma. Despite being assigned to different posts our friendship grew and we were regularly assigned to the same missions. I found myself respecting the morals of the Knights, and especially the way Huma lived so truly by his Oath and Measure, while those around him paid only lip service to it. Many adventures we had, but after he was joined by the minotaur Kaz, our time together was cut short, though occasionally our paths would

cross. Not that I minded, because at that time I had fallen in love.

It still hurts to think about her after all this time. Luni Avarant was a red-robed wizard with a playful streak, forever practising her illusions and her fondness for practical jokes. Since illusions were one of the main reasons I joined the Orders I soon found myself in her company, practicing the art. Over time our friendship blossomed into love - but something kept nagging at the back of my skull. There was something strange about her.

My life began to change when she asked me to accompany her to Ergoth, seeking a legendary place called Dragon Mountain. In that place, she assured me, lay an ancient artifact sacred to the goddess Lunitari, an artifact that would help the war effort. I agreed to help her.

We had many adventures just getting onto the mountain; ogres attacked our camp, dragons flew low overhead and we became separated after an avalanche engulfed us on the face of the mountain. After trying to find her, and failing miserably, I did the only thing I could: I continued the search.

The road was difficult and in the end I came to a clearing where I found the same old man who had guided me in my earliest memory. Another choice he gave me: continue forward and gain great power, but at great cost. I told him that I would continue, only because I hoped to find Luni in the mountain. The old man shook his head sadly and told me that I should return to Vingaard, for our love was never meant to be and that only pain awaited me if I persevered.

Of course anyone who knows me will tell that I am strong-headed. It is any wonder that I ignored the advice and continued walking? When I turned to see the old man he was casting a spell at me. I tried to dodge but could not—a dizzying sensation overcame me and I found myself inside a great chamber with a single opening leading into darkness. A simple *light* spell later, and I found myself in an uneven underground tunnel.

What I saw inside the next chamber still chills me to the bone. Innumerable corpses dotted the cave: women, children, ogres, humans... all laid cut to pieces within. But worse was to be found: Luni, hanging from the ceiling, her throat torn and her life blood dripping onto the floor. I went quickly to her side and cut her down, while force feeding her a healing potion. Desperately I asked what had done this to her, but she silenced me with a stern gaze. In broken gasps she told me that she was sorry for what she must do, and regretted that it would hurt me. Of course I did not understand what she meant and it must have shown in my face. With a great effort she put a staff in my hand and told me it was the Staff of Lunitari, the artifact we had been searching for. After that she uttered a single syllable and was gone. I will detail what I have since learned from the staff and its sisters some other time.

My return to Vingaard was uneventful, and though I tried to look for Luni, no-one had seen her return. I was about to leave the city when I was contacted by a black robed wizard, Ammon, who was leading a rebellion against Galan Dracos,

the renegade left-hand of Takhisis. Knowing about the artifact in my possession he convinced me to lend my aid. The battle was terrible, and shook Dracos' castle to its foundations. Ultimately I found myself in the chamber that contained Gwyneth, the silver dragon mount of my friend Huma.

I used the Staff to try to free her, but the arcane energies from the artifact, combined with the life draining ability of the magical field that constrained her, unexpectedly mixed, with catastrophic results. The explosion torn the field asunder and I could feel the life force of the dragon entering my body. When I awoke I realized that there were two silver dragons in the room—and that one of them was me! I panicked, but as quickly as I had changed, I suddenly reverted to my normal self, though my only thought was to escape the castle. My unorthodox method of leaving, a fly spell gone terribly wrong, allowed me to see one of the greatest dramas in all of Krynn's history: the confrontation between Huma and the Dark Queen of Krynn.

I cheered when he wounded the five headed dragon and felt my heart lose hope when he plummeted with Gwyneth to their doom. I saw Huma command Takhisis, forcing a vow from her never to return to Krynn, though that oath had enough holes in it to pass all the moons of magic through.

Ultimately I was rescued and healed, and when the funeral was over, I left once more to find Luni. She had never returned to Vingaard and my spells could not locate her. In the end, she located me—but she looked very different from how I remembered her... but I cannot continue. Maybe someday I will be able to write about what she said and what she turned out to be.

But not today.

DRAGONBANE

Adult (30 years) Male Human

Wiz 4 (Illusionist)/Ftr 1/WoHS 9 (Red Robes)

| | | | |
|---------------------|---------|-----------------------|-----|
| Strength | 12 (+1) | Fort. Save | +11 |
| Dexterity | 20 (+5) | Ref. Save | +11 |
| Constitution | 12 (+1) | Will Save | +15 |
| Intelligence | 22 (+6) | Armor Class | 26 |
| Wisdom | 14 (+2) | Flat-footed AC | 15 |
| Charisma | 10 (+0) | Touch AC | 21 |

| | | | |
|------------------|------------------|-------------------|---------|
| Alignment | N | Hit Points | 57 |
| Speed | 30 ft. | Initiative | +5 |
| Size | M (5 ft. 10 in.) | Weight | 177 lb. |

| Weapon | Attack Bonus | Damage |
|--------------------------|---------------------|------------------|
| <i>Staff of Lunitari</i> | +14/+10 | 1d6+3 (20/x2) |
| <i>Dragondagger</i> | +18/+13 | 1d4+3 (19–20/x2) |
| Magic ray | +15/+10 | varies by spell |

Skills: Balance + 7, Bluff +4, Concentration +17, Craft (weaponsmithing) +10, Intimidate +10, Knowledge (arcana) +26, Knowledge (history) +16, Knowledge (geography) +16, Knowledge (religion) +16, Ride +15, Sense Motive +10, Spellcraft +28, Swim +5.

Feats: Combat Casting, Craft Magic Arms and Armor, Craft Wands, Energy Substitution, Eschew Materials*, Scribe Scroll, Spell Focus (Illusion), Spell Mastery, Spell Thematics (dragon).

Languages: Common, Draconic, Dwarven, Elven, Gnomish, Magius, Solamnic.

Possessions: Staff of Lunitari, Dragon dagger, bracers of armor +5, ring of protection +3, backpack of holding, Ring of Chameleon Energy, Device of Time Journeying (broken), necklace of adaptation, Medallion of Faith (Paladine).

* Bonus feat granted by Staff of Lunitari.

Class Features: Proficient with all armors and shields (including tower shields) as well as all simple and martial weapons. Scribe Scroll feat, Arcane Research +4, Enhanced Specialization, Item of Power, Magic of Change, Magic of Deception, Magic of Mystery, Moon Magic, Pure Magic, Tower Resources.

Special Qualities: Immune to Enchantment spells and effects. Immune to *magic jar* and *trap the soul* spells and effects. Permanent Dragonbane's magic circle against insects and fly.

Wizard Spells per Day: 4/6+1/6+1/6+1/6+1/5+1/5+1/3+1/3+1/2+1. Base DC 16 + spell level. Illusions spells have a base DC of 17 + spell level.

Dragonbane doesn't have a familiar. He has reddish hair and red eyes. He has a +1 inherent bonus on his Dexterity and a +3 inherent bonus on his Intelligence through *wishes* (already included in the above scores). Dragonbane has an insect phobia (does not include arachnids) and a price on his head by the Church of Takhisis. Because of a curse he also has a 5% chance of spell misfire (destructive random effect chosen by DM or 1d6 damage per spell level).

Signature Magic Items

Staff of Lunitari: Acts as a +3 club for the purposes of melee combat. Grants the Eschew Materials feat, +3 sacred bonus to Armor Class and Spell Resistance 15 to user.

Dragon dagger: Acts as a +3 dagger of returning with the greater Dragon slaying quality when used as a ranged weapon and only against evil dragons.

Backpack of Holding: Acts like a bag of holding III but weighing only half the physical weight.

Ring of Chameleon Energy: Acts like a greater ring of energy resistance but the energy type it protects against changes every 24 hours to the first energy attack against the user.

Medallion of Faith (Paladine): See this item's description in the Dragonlance Campaign Setting.

The Wizard of High Sorcery class was presented in the Dragonlance Campaign Setting.



About the Authors

Neil Burton lives and works in the 51st State of the USA, England, where he claims to be a professional software engineer. He's been with the Council since day one but has, as yet, failed to make everyone realise that they're spelling "colour" wrong. Kryn timer has been his gaming home for over a decade.

Luis F. De Pippo is a journalist and the only member of the council living in Argentina. He works for the government of his country, which explains a lot about the current situation, and has been with the Whitestone Council since its formation. He is the current editor of the Tobril magazine you are reading.



Ansalonian

Gazetteer

Saifhum

—Written by Richard Connery

SAIFHUM

Proper Name: Republic of Saifhum
Ruler: Grand Mariner Trelleau Hankel of Saifhum (NG male adult human Nob 2/Rog 9)
Government: Republic. Elected legislative body but overseen by monarch.
Population: 27,567 (Human 96%, Elf [silvanesti] 1%, Gnome 1%, Kender 1%)
Capital: Sea Reach
Major Towns: Gill (pop. 979), Pearl (pop. 1,430), Sea Breeze (1,249), Sea Reach (pop. 18,500)
Alignment: N, CN, CG
Religions: Habbakuk, Zeboim
Languages: Common, Saifhum, Kalinese, Ergothian, Elven [silvanesti], Nordmaarian, Minotaur, Solamnic, Kenderspeak
Exports: Pipeweed, whale oil, seafood, pearls, shipping, salt, ships, kelp.
Imports: Wine, livestock, weapons, timber, rope, grains.
Coinage: Steel disk (stl), iron round (ip), bronze dolon (bp), silver (sp) and copper (cp). Currency trades at 1.50 of Ergothian or Solamnic coinage

Overview

The island of Saifhum, directly north of the Blood Sea of Istar, is a region of relative calm among these tempestuous lands and waters. Inhabited primarily by humans who value their independence and privacy, Saifhum is avoided by pirates and most travelers. The folk of Saifhum have developed their island carefully, working stone-retaining walls into hillsides to create long, sweeping terraces.

Saifhum is a callous land. In its rocky low-hills bloom only stunted shrubbery and live a few native creatures, such as the wild boar. Resting deeply in a band of tropical weather, Saifhum almost never experiences winter. Summer lasts for ten months of the year, bringing sweltering temperatures, oppressive humidity, and frequent rain. These conditions encourage vegetable life to thrive, despite the poor and rocky soil of the island. Grand Mariner Trelleau is attempting to

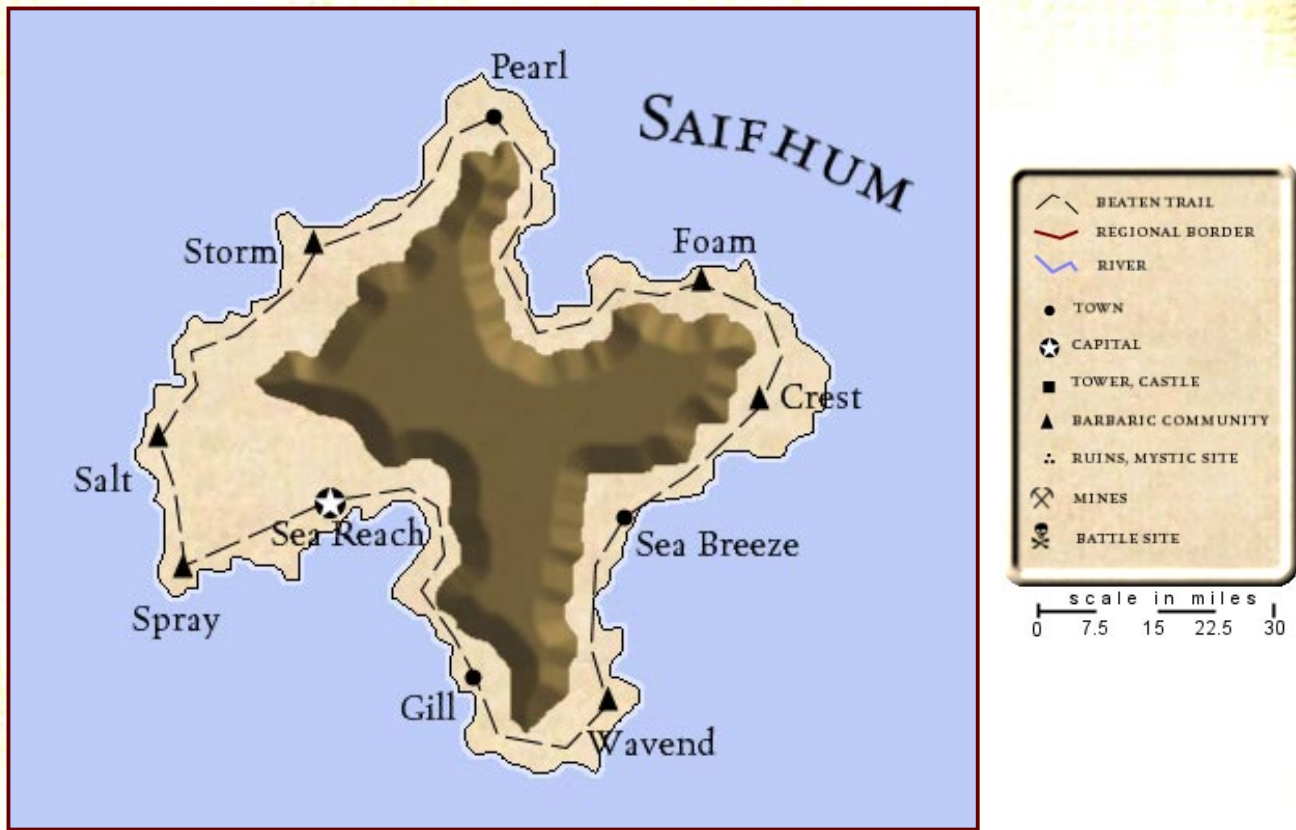
foster agriculture and foresting to ease Saifhum's dependencies on importation but so far his efforts have met with failure.

Even though Grand Mariner Trelleau Hankel has control over the entire isle of Saifhum, he does concede some autonomy to the mayors of Gill, Pearl and Sea Breeze to run the daily affairs of each town for which they are responsible. All major towns and semi-temporary settlements around the coast of Saifhum are connected by well-beaten trails and paved roads that survived the first Cataclysm.

The military strength of Saifhum resides not in its number of footmen or siege engines but instead on its formidable naval fleet. These people have several heavy war galleys. The ships are unsuited for extensive naval actions on the high seas, but serve admirably as coastal defense vessels. They sally forth at the approach of pirate, minotaur or draconian shipping, and have never failed to drive the intruders away.

Life and Society

The people of Saifhum, commonly referred to as "sea barbarians," live differently than the other tribes of Ansalonian barbarians. When first met, they appear social and affable, always willing to have a good, hearty laugh. Privately, sea barbarians foster an arrogance that keeps them distant from other races. Despite this trait, they are usually honest with those they trade and drink with and, given time, sea barbarians can develop friendships strong enough to weather any storm. When not in their native island they constantly roam the sea. As the descendants of city dwellers of ancient Istar, these barbarians, unlike the many others throughout Ansalon, are comfortable around port cities where they can rest and sell their cargos. They don't stray far from the wharfs though. The capital of Saifhum, the city of Sea Reach on the southwestern part of the isle, is one such bedroom town for sea barbarians. The government forbids foreign traffic into Saifhum; a way to keep the foul folk of Ansalon at bay and to maintain complete monopoly of the economy of the Republic.



Generally speaking, goods purchased on Saifhum are 50% more expensive than normal. The people of Saifhum explain that many of these goods are imported from abroad thus a client must pay the extra price for transportation. Saifhum doesn't have the facilities, resources and craftsman to mint its own coinage, and its mariners engage in fair amounts of piracy throughout the Blood Sea area, favoring raids on minotaur ships. Thus many merchants in the capital of Sea Reach will frequently treat coins from the Dragon Empire, Empire of Ergoth, the Minotaur Isles, and the Knight Lands as if it was the currency of their own realm. The populace of Saifhum label the common coins "steel disk," "iron round," "bronze dolon," "silver," and "copper".

The chief trades of Saifhum are fishing, kelp harvesting, salt production, and shipping. The mariners of Sea Reach sell their exotic tropical fish, kelp, whale oil, pearls, and salt as far away as Palanthas, Sancrist and Port Balifor. The northernmost part of the isle, where the town of Pearl resides, is where enough pearls can usually be harvested for exportation. Once Saifhum ships empty their holds in these distant ports, they load up with the goods Saifhum needs to survive or other goods to resell in other ports throughout Ansalon before returning home.

Being originally found (and founded) by Northern Ergothian mariners in the days after the first Cataclysm it's not surprising that Saifhum and the old empire share many points of view. The survivors of the Cataclysm which struggled under Istar's dominance were only too eager to accept aid from Northern Ergoth, for their land had become an island and they knew practically nothing of the art of

sailing the dangerous seas of Ansalon. Although the relations between the two nations have cooled recently, Northern Ergoth would act to protect its weaker ally Saifhum if it ever came under attack by the Minotaur Fleet or the Knights of Neraka.

The Grand Bardic College of Saifhum is heavily supported by the Republic Government (Trelleau's wife, Angrish [CN female human Brd 7], is a teacher there) and in turn helps life run a little smoother for all Saifhum's people. Their works not only provide the written and oral history of the Republic and its citizens but they also provide relief support to the many settlements when they need it.

The Republic of Saifhum meets in the Grand Sea Palace where the Saifhum senate advises Grand Mariner Trelleau how best to resolve the problems of Saifhum. The Senate is composed of seven members all appointed by the current Grand Mariner. Because of the nature of its citizenry, the Saifhum Senate does not concentrate too much on laws and regulations; instead the matters most often brought to the senate deal with trading strategies and overall policies that improve the welfare of Saifhum as a whole. Unlike Northern Ergoth, Saifhum issues a single tax on its people. This residence tax is paid once per year in the first ten days of Phoenix, a tribute to Habakkuk. Every person wishing to settle on Saifhum must first get permission from the Mayor closest to the petitioner's future house. Grand Mariner Trelleau delegates such trivial matters to his chamberlain when the petitioner wishes to settle in Sea Reach or environs.

The primary defense of Saifhum is left to the civilian mariners aboard their own ships but the Republic does provide a substantial incentive to the captains of such ships. Saifhum does have a small militia but Grand Mariner Trelleau prefers not to have hostile forces in his territory in the first place, thus all defense funds are spent in buying civilian ships and modifying them for ship-to-ship warfare. The Republic has recently acquired a galley belonging to the late Fewmaster Toede's Flotsam fleet. The ship is battered and showing signs of age but Saifhum's best shipwrights are currently working on getting the old ship to withstand the seas once again. Saifhum's fleet also includes three warships and ten sailing ships outfitted with arrow-slits in the ship's hold.

Even after the Summer of Chaos, Saifhum's residents still offer their worship to Habbakuk and Zeboim. "To step into a ship without asking for the grace of the Goddess of Tempests is to damn the entire crew" is an old adage among the sea barbarians. After the War of Souls, the people of Saifhum found their perseverance vindicated. Habakkuk and Zeboim were pleasantly surprised to see that their hold in this nation has remained strong.

Despite the varied backgrounds of its mariners (or perhaps because of it), Common is the lingua franca in the Republic of Saifhum, although nearly a dozen other languages, from native Saifhum to Ergothian and even Aquan [dargoi] are heard from time to time.

Regional History

Even though the land that would become Saifhum was present from the time Ansalon itself was forged by Reorx with the help of the other powers, Saifhum's history truly begins after the first Cataclysm.

Age of Despair: For its inhabitants, the Cataclysm was a curse and a blessing; the floods that rushed in to fill the void left in the plains of Istar killed many loved ones. Most farms, schools, homes and roads were utterly obliterated by the unforgiving waters and earthquakes. But after languishing under Istar's grip for over a century, Saifhum's original population enjoyed the freedom and the rains provided by the change in the weather patterns. Despite this, the survivors of the Cataclysm could not have lived as long as they did if a Northern Ergothian ship hadn't suffered critical damage in its hull due to the violent currents and if it hadn't been forced to hit shore three days after the Cataclysm.

The population of Saifhum welcomed them with open arms for they were beginning to feel the full consequences of being in an island with almost no vegetation or game. After the mariners fixed their ship and unloaded their cargo of livestock, which they were planning to sell on Istar's harbour, they returned home, taking a few people of Saifhum. This was the beginning of a long friendship.

In 310 AC, mariners of Saifhum built Beacon, a lighthouse and fortified port to reinforce their ties with Emperor Ackal even though not everyone in Saifhum approved; they had suffered under the Istarian Empire and they didn't want to become vassals of yet another empire. The Saifhum settlers

sought to use Beacon as a way-station near their Solamnic trading partners, thus allowing them to bypass river pirate tariffs on the Vingaard. However, they quickly tired of the constant arguments with the acolytes, who insisted on applying their restrictive social codes to Saifhum's women—many of whom captained their own ships. After much political maneuvering (some scholars even go so far as to say that Northern Ergoth issued an ultimatum on Saifhum), traders from Saifhum more or less surrendered Beacon to the Empire. It is still a sore point between the two nations that only the ships of Saifhum can outdistance acolyte sloops.

During the War of the Lance, Takhisis controlled all of eastern Ansalon, save Saifhum. The Republic's naval fleet managed to resist the Dragonarmy's attempts to break down the sea barbarians, and despite the strong blockade of ships surrounding Saifhum, many ships still managed to break through undetected, returning force when needed and bringing relief to the isle. As a free land during these dark times, an emissary of Grand Mariner Thimbalin Hankel (grandfather of Trelleau Hankel) travelled to Sancrist to attend the Whitestone Council, the turning point in the War of the Lance.

Summer of Chaos: Saifhum remained undefeated on its home ground even during the Lord Ariakan's raze of Ansalon and the subsequent Summer of Chaos. Although the minions of Chaos did get a foothold on the isle they were ultimately driven back to the waters where they dispersed. It was during this battle that Trelleau's father and grandfather both died, leaving him to lead the people of Saifhum in discovering the perils of the Fifth Age.

War of Souls: In the months after the Storm, Saifhum merchants have been experiencing brisker trade. They have also found themselves serving as passenger carriers for elven refugees fleeing the minotaur invasion of Silvanesti. For the Republic, the Blood Sea is less dangerous now that the Minotaur Empire is focusing on its foothold in Silvanesti, but Trelleau is worried about the long-term implications of minotaur dominance for his small nation.

Important Sites

Saifhum is ultimately a poor nation with few noteworthy civilized centers and the hills remain undisclosed to human eyes.

Sea Reach (Large City, 18,500): A mariner's settlement, Sea Reach is the most prominent site on Saifhum. Sea Reach is also the capital of the Republic, where the sea barbarians find safe haven. Sea Reach could arguably be described as a cosmopolitan city, the dwarfs and mercantile district occupies most of the town, many kinds of goods (and services) can be bought here. Apart from the huge market, the two most distinguishing features of the town are the Palace of the Grand Mariner and the Bardic College of Saifhum. Both buildings feature extensive marine motifs (even more so than the rest of the city).

Some travellers note with surprise that the cheerful, independent mariners of Saifhum have a bard college in

their capital of Sea Reach whose organization mirrors the Ergothian model (though the curricula differ). Scholars consider this institution a holdover from the years just after the first Cataclysm, when Ergothian expatriates arrived in the Blood Sea to settle this isle alongside the surviving Istarians already there. It's in this bardic college that they learn aspects of the repertoires of all bardic types. The building itself was a Temple of Branchala in the times of Istar's domination, and before the Summer of Chaos priests of Branchala would come to the College to pray to their God.

The other towns of Gill (small town 979), Pearl (small town 1,430), and Sea Breeze (small town 1,249) are still struggling to improve their status but in a small nation such as Saifhum the capital, Sea Reach, dominates traffic and influence.

Plots and Rumours

The minotaur (and pirate) islands of Kothas and Mithas seek stronger ties with the armies of Sable on the Dairly Peninsula. If diplomatic efforts succeed, the minotaurs will have a choke-hold on the treacherous eastern passage around the Blood Sea of Istar and all seas south. By aggressive privateering, the minotaurs have started to interfere with Saifhum trade even though the sea barbarians of Saifhum actively resist this expansion. Many Saifhum ships are also raided by the minotaur fleet looking for timber, grains and weapons. Ship-to-ship battles between the sea barbarians of Saifhum and minotaurs have been growing more frequent and more intense, and the High Priest of Sargas, Touro Et-Pethis, has been stirring devout followers of his faith into frenzies of hatred against the human colony on Mithas by painting them with the same brush as the sea barbarians. Although these two human groups descend from cultural heritages with a long-standing enmity, the distinction is apparently lost on all but the most sophisticated of minotaurs. As such, the other human fleets living on the Blood Sea Ring have put their war efforts against Saifhum on hold and are concentrating on protecting themselves from the minotaurs. Despite this, the Minotaur Empire's recent invasion of Silvanesti has made life a little easier on Saifhum.

➤ **Sabotage or Bad Luck?** A Saifhum ship is known to have sailed for Sancrist to bring back gnomish channel mines. No-one knows if they are planted but Grand Mariner Trelleau is attempting to create a sizeable forest to avoid having to import timber for the shipwrights. So far, he has been unsuccessful.

➤ **Gnomish Expedition:** The hills of Saifhum have barely been explored at all, even before the first Cataclysm the harsh lands were never given much thought but an expedition is being readied at Palanthas by the gnome merchant Firgo [Male Gnome Exp 5]. He is currently looking for able and sturdy henchmen to accept his offer and escort him into the hills. The ultimate objective of such an expedition is not known, however.

GRAND MARINER

TRELLEAU HANKEL OF SAIFHUM

Male adult human Nob 2/Rog 9: CR 11; Medium humanoid (human); HD 2d8 + 9d6; hp 44; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; AC 17 (touch 13, flat-footed 14); Atk +11/+6 (1d6+3, +2 shortsword) or +12/+7 ranged (1d4+3, +2 dagger of returning); SA Sneak attack +5d6; SQ Favor +1, Inspire Confidence 1/day, Trap Sense +3, Evasion, Improved Uncanny Dodge, Trapfinding; AL NG; SV Fort +3, Ref +11, Will +9; Str 13, Dex 15, Con 10, Int 14, Wis 13, Cha 16. Height 5 ft. 9 in.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +14, Balance +14, Bluff +14, Climb +7, Decipher Script +14, Diplomacy +14, Gather Information +14, Handle Animal +4, Intimidate +14, Sense Motive +14, Swim +15, Use Rope +12; Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Leadership, Iron Will, Quick Draw.

Signature Possessions: Mithral scale mail, +2 *shortsword*, +2 *dagger of returning*, Grand Mariner's signet ring. As ruler of the Republic of Saifhum, Trelleau can always have any sailing vessel available. He's also able to draw upon funds of the Republic and can therefore acquire many more items but he likes to keep his own pocket money separate from Saifhum's treasury.

Trelleau Hankel is a handsome man with the responsibility of leading the people of Saifhum towards progress. Despite his barbarian heritage, Trelleau has admitted that isolation and individualism have not given the people of Saifhum what they crave for: stability. He lost his father and grandfather at the tender age of seven and has since been raised by his grandmother which instilled upon him a deep sense of justice and resolve.

Until he came of age, Saifhum was run entirely by the senate and his grandmother advised him many times to watch the proceedings for he would need the experience, but Trelleau, wild at heart, dismissed the advice and went on to adventure with his uncle, travelling the breadth of Ansalon, trading, raiding and surviving in the rough waters of the continent. Consequently the senate became more and more entrenched in their positions, the few noble men that used to sit in that hall long gone.

On his twentieth spring, while running his uncle's ship around the maelstrom of the Blood Sea, he sighted a minotaur slaver ship. A glorious battle ensued, and demonstrated to all the young man's inherent intelligence, allowing for a short and successful battle. When he freed the slaves he found on board, he made his first long-term friend: Vealden, a Silvanesti.

In 28 SC he overheard in a public house in Kalaman two merchants speaking of the dreaded corruption which had encroached into the Saifhum Republic - corruption so deep that it was felt even the minotaurs could bribe their way into Sea Reach. Trelleau returned to Saifhum with his crew and friends. As soon as he returned he presented his family signet ring that proved his claim to the title of Grand Mariner. With the help of his friends he was able to avoid an

attempt on his life by the corrupt senators and once again, put a Hankel at the head of the Republic.

He has long since been accepted by the population of Saifhum, who still view his escapade as the act of a spoiled brat. Two years ago, Trelleau married Angrish, a teacher at the bardic college, but they are not, as of yet, contemplating the idea of having children.

Although the status as leader of the Republic of Saifhum provides Trelleau with a great following, he has an elite group of bodyguards that accompany him on every trip abroad and have their barracks in the backyards of Trelleau's house. This group is led by Vealden [NG male adult Silvanesti Elf Ftr 5/Rgr 4] a Silvanesti elf who pledged his life to the Hankel family after Trelleau's father rescued him from a minotaur slaver ship. Vealden is the appointed commander of Trelleau's personal bodyguards, a well-armed and well-trained group, which usually feature 35 1st-level Warriors, three 2nd-level Fighters, one 3rd-level Fighter, and Bailiff Adwen [N female middle-age human Ftr 3/Rog 1].

The Noble class was presented in the *Dragonlance Campaign Setting*.

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About the Author

Richard Connery has been running his current Dragonlance campaign for over 4 years now, transferring it to D&D 3E rules in the middle of the War of the Lance. He still hopes to run a *Masque of the Red Death* campaign with his regular players someday. Richard's other interests include graphic design, programming and reading as much as he can, from physics papers to fantasy literature.



Secret Societies

Fraternal Orders Guilds and Clandestine Organizations

Part Two: Selected Groups

—Written by John Grubber



The following discussion builds upon the earlier generalized descriptions of secret groups (see issue three of the Tobril for the overview). There are hundreds of groups, small and large, across the physical and chronological span of Ansalon. An attempt to catalogue them all would be an exhausting and dangerous task, as some groups are secret and prefer to remain that way. The list below is intended to show only the variety and nature of groups that exist.

ALLIGATORS (PC, AC, SC)

The decadence of Istar descended into depravity in the final decade before the Cataclysm. The Alligators were a secret cabal of nobles, a group of macabre gourmets devoid of morals who sated their hunger on the flesh of their most valuable possessions: the gladiators. With every tournament they would gather, placing bets and choosing cuts should they win, hoping their own fighter would triumph so they might dine upon a sinister delicacy. They have few rules, but they will not poison another's fighter, for it would be their own meal they spoil. They will bribe fighters to lose and otherwise manipulate events though, and in some cases, a master might persuade their own fighter to lose, if they see in them a tastier morsel. Some even bet against themselves, for the sheer glee of denying their fellows the best pieces.

The fighters of course have no knowledge of their fate should they lose, and many, hoping to buy their freedom, have faked injury in the match, only to have their throat slit in the bowels of arenas across the empire. The Alligators place no value on life, buying and selling it as they would their daily bread, but few people have lived to discover their secret—and fewer still have lived to tell the tale. Those that do speak of what they see aren't believed, or they disappear soon after, in accidents or reassignments to distant locales.

The annihilation of Istar did not destroy the group—one member, an elven wine merchant, was away from the city at the time, and in the centuries since, has re-established the society in the pearl of Solamnia, Palanthis. Here it preys upon travelers—prizing exoticism over physical quality as in the past, dispatching pairs of bounty hunters in macabre hunts across the city. The members place bets to see whose hirelings will be the first to flush out and catch their quarry. The winner of course, gets to choose the recipe, and gets their choice of meat.

Membership: Aristocratic Humans and Elves

Size: 15–20

Area: Urban

ASH COLLECTORS (SC)

To most mages, they are purveyors of spellbook inks, chalk for summoning circles, and other components. In truth though, they sell components for darker purposes, for all are made from the ash of the chaos-warped lands they frequent. They prowl the battlefields of the Chaos War, from Ansalon to Taladas, gathering samples of what they find. They are detectives of a magical bent, gathering the remains of Chaos' minions, and samples of the lands they warped. Some members are alchemists, others mages, others are dark priests, but all have heard the whispers of power and have answered the call. They collect the ashes for study and for

use in foul magics, all to gain the ability to summon and control the creatures of Chaos—shadow wights, demon warriors and fire dragons.

While they have succeeded in the summoning on numerous occasions, their membership has remained small due to their inability to control most of what they unleash. Therefore, they continue their studies, beneath cities, in dark caves, and on high mountain peaks, in hopes of gathering minions to further their dark ends. The godless age that followed the Chaos War was a time of great progress, for with the boundless power of mysticism came a comparative lack of powerful foes, until the rise of the Academy of Sorcery and the Citadel of Light. The Ash Collectors have tenuous ties to the overlord Sable; she is very curious about what they could do for her, especially if they can unlock the secret of the Black Tide.

Membership: Humans, Dark Elves, Ogre mages, Dark Dwarves

Size: 10–20, solitary or in pairs

Area: Urban and Rural, Battlefields

CHAOS CULTISTS (PC, AC, SC)

Throughout Krynn's long history, the seductive whisper of Chaos has filtered throughout creation. It has attracted beings from all races, outcasts hungry for power, chafing at the bounds of their own limited circumstances. They are not granted power, but rather, knowledge, and in return, they serve Chaos and his ends. A mystic or sorcerer typically leads a cultist group, though before the Age of Mortals they were hunted as heathen priests or renegade mages. In some cases however, the most vile and intelligent creatures of Chaos itself lead the group, walking in the guise of a mortal creature.

The cults are thankfully unaffiliated with each other, operating instead as a near private army acting out the whims of the cult leader. In return for their servitude, cult members are granted, in a dark and vile ceremony, the Touch of Chaos. This power is wielded by their leader as a magic-user, who bestows a gift in the form of a mutation, a mark of loyalty and a tool for the group to use. The touch, granting enhanced senses or other special abilities, binds them to the leader, making them his eyes, ears and sometimes hands. The changes are permanent, and in the event that a lieutenant wrests control of the cult from the incumbent leader, a second ceremony will bind the followers to him as well, as long as he is capable of using magic. If not, the minions scatter, taking refuge in catacombs and sewers, or in the case of those that come to their senses, trying to find a cure for whatever change was inflicted upon them.

The cults engage in many different activities—raiding, murder, graverobbing, and theft—all to gather resources for the leader. Some leaders though have lost their faith in Chaos, operating the cult as a gang, becoming rich, and then abandoning its followers. Those that do abandon their children sometimes come to regret it, as their more powerful followers hunt them relentlessly, or in some cases take

control of the cult and seek out their former master. Throughout the ages they have been hunted by knights and priests, adventurers and mages, some of whom have succumbed to the lure of the cult themselves, forsaking their former life for a new purpose: fulfilling the will of the charismatic leader. At the time of the Chaos War, cultists aided the dark forces by wreaking havoc in towns and cities, murdering, thwarting or otherwise drawing resources away from the battles and weakening mortal resistance. They are reviled and hunted by beings both light and dark, and more than one Celestial or Infernal being has entered the world with the sole purpose of wiping out a cult.

Membership: Any Race

Size: 400–500, in groups of 5–50

Area: Anywhere, Urban and Rural

DEEPSONG BROTHERHOOD (PC, AC, SC)

The Brotherhood is a loose confederation of the pirates of Ansalon. There is no real hierarchy, it is a system of shifting alliances where the strong rule and the weak hope to advance by plotting against their betters. They have hands in smuggling, theft, extortion, slaving, prostitution and other dark deeds in most major coastal cities of Ansalon. Over the Brotherhood's long history, its fortunes have waxed and waned, but it has always survived to fight another day. It is not uncommon for those who thwart or defy them to be found hanging from a yardarm, their ships or warehouses burned, or their families murdered.

Indeed one of their greatest defeats was at the Battle of the Boneyard, a treacherous reef bank near Ergoth's Nordmaar island colonies. There the pirates and their Zebolim allies encountered an Imperial war fleet when they were expecting only merchant ships. The battle was the stuff of legend, and shattered the Brotherhood for decades afterwards. More than one career in the Ergothian admiralty has been made by a great victory over the pirates, with a fleet sunk or a stronghold destroyed. In response though, other careers ended in scandal or worse, courtesy of the vengeful pirates. They are not to be trifled with, and have ties with thieves guilds, military groups, and at times even cults such as the Zebolim.

Membership: Humans, Dark Elves, Ogres, Goblinoids, Minotaurs

Size: 200–300, in groups of 20–40

Area: Seas, Rivers, Coastal Cities and Towns

FROSTREAVERS (AC)

The Frostreavers are a society of wealthy Palanthan gentleman, an eccentric group of armchair explorers that use their money to fund expeditions to Krynn's South Pole in search of the legendary civilizations that are said to exist there. They are devout gatherers and collectors of artifacts and lore from the "Twin Kingdoms," as they call them, a legendary ogre kingdom draped with gold and finery, and a strange city that descends into a rift in the world's surface. Occasionally, one of the members will accompany an expedition, but so far, there have been no major discoveries.

The society is named for the fabled war axes of the Icefolk. The axes were given to the founding members of the society, a band of adventurers that aided the Icefolk in a war against the loathsome thanoi. The mage of the group was able to enchant the axes given to the surviving company members, to preserve them for the trip back. They hang in the great hall of the society, never melting over the passage of years, chilling the air around them, and reminding the founders' children of their proud legacy.

Membership: Humans

Size: 25

Area: Palanthas

GREY EYE RISING (SC)

If Chaos Cultists are the footsoldiers of the Father of All and Nothing, then the members of the Grey Eye Rising are the Generals. Formed after the Chaos War, when the might of Chaos was revealed to the world, these fallen priests and mages cast aside their former lives and devoted themselves to a new purpose: the return of Chaos to Krynn. Their studies have revealed that the Chaos War was not the first incursion from the beyond, it was merely the largest and best organized. In previous ages, renegades and cult leaders have opened rifts, and minions have come through in small numbers, but never in a large enough force to be a threat. The Grey Eye seeks to change that.

Their main goal is to invoke Chaos, to summon him and be united with his mighty oblivion; failing that, they also work to summon his minions and unleash them on a world now without defense. If they are successful, the truce that now stands in the Chaos War could be broken in an instant, and with it, the world itself broken. They and their agents wander the landscapes, traveling to battle sites, seeking the remains of creatures that emerged from the rifts, and also seeking samples of living things warped by the presence of Chaos in the world. Through study, they hope to harness the powers and exploit them, in turn creating minions for Chaos that cannot be banished or dispelled, for they would be of Krynn itself, not an Infernal realm. If enough of these servants are created, the ravaged defenses of Krynn could not hold against them, and Chaos would reign across the world.

Membership: Human, Elves

Size: 100

Area: Any Free Lands

HANGMAN'S DAUGHTERS (AC)

After the fall of Solamnia in the Age of Darkness after the first Cataclysm, a band of mercenaries appeared. All were women and all wore Solamnic armor, but the ideals they followed were very different than those of the Oath and Measure. The original members were orphans, daughters of Solamnic Knights slain by the wrathful populace for not averting the Cataclysm. Their banner is a broken sword in a noose on a blood red field. They fight for steel, self, and comrades, and throughout their history they have ridden for both light and darkness (whichever paid more).

They formed over several decades, as their first leaders, the twin daughters of a Knight of Caergoth, gathered supporters in Abanasinia. When their numbers had swollen with a score of other exiles, they returned to Caergoth by sea, hiring mercenaries to aid them, and sacking the town in 23AC. Anger and egos sated and pouches full, they returned to Abanasinia and claimed an elven fortress deep in what had once been northern Qualinesti. They ride forth from time to time, as likely to pillage the land as to liberate it. They have no grand designs, save for their continued existence, and a determination to never again fall victim to the whims of a fickle peasantry.

Membership: Female Humans

Size: 80–100

Area: Abanasinia

IMPERIAL NORDMAAR COMPANY (PC, AC, SC)

The Company was formed in the century before the first Cataclysm, in the wake of the first successful circumnavigation of Ansalon by an Ergothian captain. Her discoveries led to the establishment of several colonies in uncharted lands around the continent, the most prominent of which were the Nordmaar Islands. The lush islands, largely isolated from the rest of civilization, were the source of much wealth for Ergoth, in the form of spices, plants, animals, exotic hardwoods, and slaves. Nature's bounty was ripe for the picking, and pick the Company did, with an Imperial Charter that gave them dominion over the islands and a fleet that at the time dominated the oceans. It was however only a matter of time before Istar took notice of the colonies on its doorstep, and launched a challenge by placing their own representatives there.

Cargoes of misery sailed east and west, to the great cities of the age, while mundane items returned, bribes for the tall, red and blonde-haired natives to continue their servitude. As time passed, the Company and the Istarans came into conflict, but by then, Ergoth had lost interest in the islands, having secured other sources for much of its products. The fleet was withdrawn, and without its protection, and by extension the Istarans as well, settlements from both colonial powers increasingly fell prey to minotaurs and other pirates.

The resourceful Company employees and governors worked on, bringing in enough revenue to sustain Imperial support and the Charter, but the days of great profit were gone—until the Cataclysm struck. The Charter, which granted dominion over all the lands of Nordmaar, was still a valid treaty, and was even more potent because Istar, its chief opponent, was destroyed. The Company and, by extension, Ergoth, had even more land to exploit, and it was in the Cataclysm that the company found its savior: salt.

The sea floor that thrust above the surface was littered with cakes of salt as the water evaporated, only requiring collection. The governors in ravaged Ergoth itself had no knowledge of this turn of events, indeed the posts operated independently for over forty years before a Company ship

returned to the newly-created peninsula. The representative that stepped ashore was shocked to find that the warehouses were full of salt cakes, meticulously recorded and stacked, as was Company policy. After the salt harvest, the forests too began to spread, creating even more room for exotic spices and woodland to flourish. Many of the cities of Ergoth were rebuilt from the sales of these colonial products, after both Cataclysms.

There are three types of men in the Company: the traders themselves, the factors that lead them, and the governors. The traders are the rugged and resourceful men who operate the forts and ships of the company; the factors are the heads of each outpost or factory; and the governors are the aristocrats that fund the venture and decide its course. Of course, the Imperial families themselves have a stake in the success of the Company; the crafty authors of the Charter decreed that the rulers of Ergoth are majority non-voting stockholders, thus ensuring support from any dynasty so long as the dividends roll in each year. They specialize in the kind of court intrigue that makes such an enterprise continually viable, and in the centuries of the Company's existence, rare are the governors who have not become obscenely wealthy.

Governors and factors are cut from a similar cloth, both are as different from the traders as night and day. The former are thrifty diplomats with career aspirations, the latter the loyal soldiers of a commercial empire. All take threats to the Company and Ergoth very seriously, and constantly engage mercenaries and adventurers to protect outposts or shipments, survey trade routes, secure supplies, transport dignitaries or rare commodities and, in some cases, to quell a rebellious populace. Hiring is, in their view, much more cost effective than maintaining a standing force. Of course, most of these activities do not officially happen. Those that complain or claim otherwise are quickly dispatched to distant corners of the realm, or so others are told. In the days before the Cataclysm, the Company seal on a product, whether painted, stamped or branded, was not only a sign of quality and competence, but also a reminder of the long arms of Ergoth's power. As the Company rebuilds and reinvents itself, the seal is being seen more and more on crates, bottles and flags across the world.

Membership: Humans

Size: 600 employees in outposts of 5–20, Larger offices of 50–100 employees in Ergothian cities

Area: Nordmaar Islands, Nordmaar Peninsula, Ergothian cities, isolated areas of Ansalon (SC)

KALIMITES (PC)

The Kalim was a mystic warlord, a half-elven descendant of the desert princes, and the self-proclaimed voice of Kiri-Jolith on Krynn. In 64PC, he raised an army of fanatical followers to drive the Solamnics and Istarans out of the Sun's Anvil region, the desert land of Dravinaar. Elves from northern Silvanesti joined his horde, as did some Kagonesti, believing that only he, the Kalim, could stem the tide of human expansion. They believed that if the humans

hungered after worthless desert, the forests of Silvanesti would be even more tempting to them. Though the court of Silvanost did not condone his acts, neither did they condemn him; instead they watched with typical elven dispassion, awaiting the outcome.

His true name was unknown, his title "Kalim" simply means 'warrior' in the tongue of the desert nomads. His rebellion started small, with an attack on an Istaran outpost, but soon grew to the point when the Kalimites were striking the small oasis cities scattered across the region. Istar and Solamnia dispatched forces to deal with them, but neither met with success. Instead, they wandered blindly, seeking rebels that seemed to appear out of nowhere, then disappear back into the canyons and dunes. The mounted knights in their armour were unprepared for this sort of foe, and the Kalimites slowly whittled away at the force. As the successes grew, so did their favor among the local populace. From Micah to Zaladh, Solamnics and Istarans could buy no food or water, as the descendants of the desert princes dared hope that they would be free of the Solamnics, the Istarans and their Kingpriests.

Seeking succor at the tunnel gate of Qim Sudri, the city later called Losarcum, the remaining knights were captured by the Kalimites. The news of their abduction reached Palanthas itself. Soon after, bodies started appearing in the public fountains of Istar, members of the missing contingent. One appeared each week for thirteen weeks, until public pressure to rescue the survivors reached a fever pitch. A second force left Istar commanded by Imal Fabran, a descendant of the pre-Kingpriest-era warlord that tamed the lands and brought them into Istar's fold. They too were slaughtered, smashed upon the Sun's Anvil and driven west to Yandol, where they tried to heal their wounds and regroup.

The leadership of the cult finally met its match in the Sargonids, a sect of warrior-priests devoted to the condor god. They took up the cause when one of their sacred sites was despoiled. The site was a battleground, known as Shalam-akhar, the bloodwell of the gods. Sargonid legends say it was there that Kiri-Jolith and Sargonnas clashed in the All Saint's War, where the furies, spirits of vengeful justice, were born of the spilt blood of the gods, beholden to neither. The Sargonid monastery stood on a plateau amid the blood-red spires, a place of stark and horrific beauty. The temple and school were razed, the masters and acolytes overrun and slaughtered. The thirty-nine remaining paladins, on a meditative retreat at the time, returned to their monastery, retrieved their armor and set off to hunt their quarry. They took no food, nor personal belongings, knowing that they would not return even if they survived.

The tale is an epic one, a song of battle and prayer that left hundreds dead before the Kalim, and his circle of personal warriors, were cornered atop a mesa. The tattooed, fanatical Jolithians fought and killed many of the bronze-armored paladins, but finally all were dead save the Kalim himself. The Sargonids sheathed their weapons, and camped at the foot of the mesa, determined to wait him out. They were

intent on denying him an honorable death in battle, and their patience was rewarded. After 13 days, the Kalim, mad with hunger and rage hurled himself to his death. The Sargonids, under a banner of truce, walked to the Solamnic and Istaran encampment, and presented the Kalim's head to the leader of the force. His body was left for the vultures. The Kalimites' plunder was never recovered, and their lairs remained hidden, even up to the Cataclysm.

Membership: Humans, Elves, Half-Elves

Size: 1500–2000 (peak)

Area: Dravinaar

KEEPERS OF THE LIGHT (PC, AC)

Across Ansalon, on desolate coasts, mountain peaks and in bustling cities, the Lightkeepers stand watch. They live and work in the lighthouses that guide travelers on land and sea, worshippers of Sirrion, the sacred flame. The cataclysms destroyed some of their towers, but many of the dwarven-built bastions still stand fast against the darkness. Indeed, the more isolated ones have thrived, their fortifications giving rise to towns which provided refuge in times of war. The keepers themselves are quiet and humble, spending their time preaching and praying, when not tending the lenses or fires of their towers. Some towers have been abandoned since the first Cataclysm, and the keepers continually seek to survey and reclaim them, salvaging what they can of their legacy, and abandoning the ruins if they cannot be repaired.

Membership: Humans, Elves, Dwarves

Size: 40–50 members, in pockets of 2–3

Area: Urban and Rural, Coastal, Mountain Ranges

LEGION OF DALTIGOTH (AC, SC)

The Legion is a pseudo-military order of aristocratic Ergothian patriots, imperialists of the old mold, who seek to rebuild the hordes of Ergoth and drive the ogres from their ancestral capital. Ask the ogres though, and one would hear of how they are in fact reclaiming their own ancestral capital from the human interlopers.

Regardless of who is right, the Legion acts as a lobbying force in the Imperial court, securing periodic expeditions to salvage artifacts, chart ruins, and plan, in the long term, the liberation of Daltigoth.

Many members are of older Imperial families, people whose ancient lineage surrounds the old capital region. They often fund expeditions to their ancestral castles to reclaim relics and heirlooms, and in some cases to drive out the occupants and destroy the structures. As Ergoth's fortunes began to improve after the second Cataclysm, the Legion began to grow in prestige and membership. In particular, the ultra-patriotic order found new allies in members of the exiled Knights of Solamnia, when the knights discovered the nature of their pre-Solamnic heritage.

Membership: Humans, Half-elves

Size: 200–300

Area: Northern Ergoth, Abanasinia

ORDER OF THE GOLDEN EYE (AC, SC)

For centuries they were hidden, scorned and hunted for their dark deeds, their faith ever sustaining them since the fabled Eye of Chemosh was taken from their midst by the forces of light nearly a thousand years before the Cataclysm. This is not an ancient group, but a cult formed in the Age of Darkness that followed the first Cataclysm. In those dark days, legions of the dead stalked the land, laying waste to what little civilization remained. It was as prophesied, a kingdom of Chemosh upon Krynn. The Order formed then, worshippers of Chemosh, who believed that their day of might had arrived at last.

The cult is small in number, existing in eleven-member cells in major cities and hidden rural enclaves. Since their formation they have hunted for the Eye, and since their formation, they have failed. They are an arcane order of great power, a power that is based in secrecy. Their membership cuts across racial and social borders, and for the mightiest, extends beyond death itself. Consequently, the ruling Grand Cabal meets only thrice in each century, and in their four centuries of existence, only four of the eleven members have changed. Some are no longer mortal, while others have become greedy or too overt in their actions. The Cabal removed some, while Solamnics and other forces have taken others. To this day, they hunt for the Eye, to bring about the ultimate rule of Chemosh in a kingdom of the dead.

There are no crimes beneath them, no-one beyond their reach; they excel at information gathering and coercion, all in their search for the Eye and the furthering of their goals. While they are ambitious, they are also cautious, and have learned the lessons of history. As many of the Grand Cabal are themselves undead, time is on their side, and they have plots and schemes that can take years to come to fruition. In some cases these plans involve little more than placing a member of the Order in a useful and influential position, while in others they smite entire towns, wreaking vengeance for wrongs done in years past, and to recruit new minions for their eventual war.

Membership: Humans, Dark Elves, Ogre Mages

Size: 121, in groups of 11

Area: Any, Blood Sea Coast

PENITATUM (SC)

They were the worst of the worst, a band of brigands and thieves, cutthroats and ne'er-do-wells. From every civilized race, and from some of the less-civilized, they had found their way to Newgate prison in Kalaman. They had been sentenced to lives of hard labour behind the walls of the notorious gaol; those that balked were offered a ride on the three-legged mare instead.

When the Chaos war came, they were the only hope of the city. Offering full pardons, the city released two hundred of the prisoners, dwarves and ogres, minotaurs and goblins, elves and men alike, under the leadership of Vinmar Leigh, a priest of Kiri-Jolith. The Knights of Takhisis had ravaged the defenses of the city, and when the black tide swept in, the sailors of the navy died too. The prisoners were levied from

Newgate to bolster the defenses, and given the name Penitatum, "the penitent," by their war-priest leader. Their tactics were unorthodox and brutal, but they were effective. Those that survived earned their freedom in the summer of Chaos, and a memorial stands on the city's eastern edge to commemorate the redeemed nameless dead that defended so valiantly.

Many of the survivors stayed together after the war, forming a mercenary company of the only family they had known. Bonds formed in the months of war continued during the peace. Kiri-Jolith gained new followers in that war, and though they gained no spells, they studied his teachings devoutly, finding purpose in just wars to defend the downtrodden. New members join from time to time, former prisoners paroled after their terms, escaped prisoners seeking a new life, or others pardoned for service to the city. The only rule of the company is that for each member, there is no life before they joined, no family, no comrades or contacts. That life is ended, they are redeemed in the regiment, and it is there that their loyalty must lie. Traitors are dealt with harshly. As a mercenary company, they have traveled throughout the continent, fighting for just causes, and spreading the teachings of Kiri-Jolith.

Membership: Elves, Humans, Dwarves, Ogres, Goblinoids, Minotaurs

Size: 50

Area: Kalamán

SKIFFMANS GUILD (PC, AC, SC)

Originally led by priests of Reorx and Shinare, the Guild controls the canal traffic in Solamnia. They rule the waterways that crisscross the Vingaard valley, transporting goods and people for a price. Their craft range in size from small, hand-poled gondolas to larger, animal-powered paddleboats that carry tons of cargo great distances. There have been times in their history when they have blockaded towns in petty trade disputes, and other times when they have transported refugees and soldiers for free. The Knights have tried to control them, but after several instances when trade, the lifeblood of any nation, came to a halt, the government opted instead to let the Guild function on its own.

The Guild has representatives everywhere, in every hamlet and city, from the rural ferryman to the harbormaster of Palanthas. Those that open new independent routes soon find themselves visited by representatives of the guild, and few turn their offer of friendship down.

Membership: Humans, Dwarves

Size: 200

Area: Solamnia

WESTWARD JOURNEYMEN (PC, AC, SC)

The journeymen are a group of dark-skinned Northern Ergothians, aristocrats of the naval families. They control the shipping guilds and admiralty of Ergoth. They are an esoteric group, spending much time researching the history of their culture, specifically, the mariner culture of Ansalon. It is

their belief that they are not of Ansalon, and that they have an ancient ancestral homeland, far across the sea to the west. They believe they are the descendants of colonists who landed on the shores of Ansalon even before the rise of Ackal Ergot. These colonies failed and lost contact with the homeland, the survivors taken in by the people of Western Ansalon. They learned to farm and herd, and in return, the colonists shared their knowledge of sea and sail.

The group is always seeking artifacts and evidence to support their theory, sponsoring archaeological digs along the coast where colonies may have been, but also in other areas where land rose after the first cataclysm. Their ultimate goal is to find enough evidence to gain Imperial support for an expedition to return to their legendary homeland. Their mission is a divisive one though—many of the Imperial elite dismiss the cause as frivolous, but others nurse a fear that contacting another continent of mariners may bring them to Ansalon's shores, and in the land's weakened state, they may not be able to resist foreigners with malicious intent. For some, the issue is prejudicial as well, not wanting to believe that the dark-skinned sea folk are foreigners, and that another land could have had advanced civilization long before it arose on Ansalon.

Membership: Ergothian Humans

Size: 50

Area: Northern Ergoth

YEOMEN OF LEMISH (PC, AC, SC)

The people of Lemish have, in their minds, long suffered under the yoke of Solamnic occupation. The Yeoman seek to change this. They are a group that has members at all levels of society, some providing funds for actions, some conducting the actions themselves. In decades and centuries past, they petitioned Solamnia for independence, even declaring it unilaterally at one point. Lemish however, is strategically important to Solamnia, and that uprising was quickly and forcefully quelled. The Solamnics have no desire to let Lemish go the way of Throt, falling into the hands of hobgoblins or Nerakan influence.

In the wake of these events, the Yeomen were born, a force to meet the force against them. Few in number, they are well organized and very dedicated to their cause: the expulsion of all Solamnics and Solamnic sympathizers from Lemish. They are freedom fighters to the people, patriots who would give their lives for a country of their own. The group is funded by smuggling and donation, and also by the Knights of Neraka, who would like to welcome Lemish into their own fold, but will settle for Lemish independence as well.

Lemish suffered brutally in the Chaos War, for at the time, many of the prominent citizens were in prison or in hiding, unable to aid their families. The Knights refused to grant amnesty to the rebels, and as a result, the forces of Chaos ran rampant. This merciless act was burned into the hearts and minds of the survivors, increasing their hatred for the Solamnics even more.

The current commander is Brahmer Wicken, whose father Marel, the former leader of the Yeomen, was hung in 32SC at Tyburn Prison, for his role in the attacks on the knights. Evidence was scarce, the trial was short, and it was held behind closed doors. Some whisper that the accusations of treason and sedition was simply a way to secure a high profile execution, as an example to the rest of the rebels. The tactic failed, and made a martyr of Marel. In the wake of the hanging, Brahmer found his purpose in life, and the educated young man, once a squire to a Solamnic knight, has proven a more skilled leader than his father. In response to the hanging, the Yeomen led the people in storming the prison at Tyburn, setting free several of the current members, some of whom had been imprisoned for years. It was then that the brutal conditions of the gaol were seen firsthand by the people of Lemish. Solamnic citizens, people brought from other areas of Solamnia to settle the region and help stabilize it, were persecuted mercilessly, houses and businesses burned, livestock killed. Beatings and kidnappings went on for weeks until the Knights shut the prison permanently, burning it to the ground.

Solamnic Knights have come to dread postings in Lemish; they know that too many of their comrades have returned home 'on their shields' instead of on their horses. The people hate them, and with the aid of the Yeomen, bridges are collapsed, fires are started mysteriously, convoys are attacked, rations poisoned, and equipment stolen. Patrols disappear only to be found hanging at crossroads or tied to posts in fields, if they are found at all.

The Yeomen have not led an open revolt since the Chaos War. Instead, they bide their time, finding recruits and allies at home and abroad, gathering supplies and plotting, striking only rarely to weaken the Knights, but not enough to bring a large force to relieve them. In this way they have demoralized the knights stationed there, though the Solamnic Government is adamant that they will not be driven out, and neither will they negotiate with the Yeomen. It is only a matter of time before another revolt occurs, and in the current weakened state of the Knighthood; it may very well be successful.

Membership: Lemishite Human Males

Size: 200–250

Area: Lemish

ZEBOLIM (PC, AC, SC)

In the dark depths of the oceans dwell darker things still. Though few in number, the Zebolim, the children of Zeboim, are a powerful group. The cult groups are only loosely connected, each being led by a priest or priestess, who speaks the teachings of their dark mistress. With sacrifices to gain her aid, they wage covert war against the surface peoples, sinking ships, summoning storms and raiding towns with minions of the deep. They are fierce opponents of the followers of Habbakuk.

Aspirants to the cult must make a sacrifice to join, and for each, what is given is different. Some must give up a hand, others an eye, others a living being of their own flesh. In

return, she grants them the power to travel her realm unimpeded, as well as limited control of her children of the sea. When not on land, they plot and plan, hoard and butcher in temples and ruined cities, deep below the surface of the ocean. There they experiment too, with magic and science, warping beings to serve Zeboim better. Some believe that the hideous sea dragonspawn are the creation of the overlords, others believe that they are a parting gift of Zeboim to her devoted at the end of the Chaos War.

The cult spends much of its time securing sacrificial subjects, by luring them to her monstrous minions or at the blade of her bloody altars. Zebolim also spend a great amount of time hunting for artifacts of Zeboim. The legends say there are many—weapons, items, shells and pearls—scattered across the primal seas during the All Saint's War when Zeboim fought Habbakuk in the depths. Their battle ended in stalemate, each claiming victory, but agreeing to share rule of the seas. The artifacts are sought too by Habbakuk's followers, to use them for good, and prevent the Zebolim from finding them. The departure of the Gods mattered little to the Zebolim; the sea remained, so they refused to believe their mistress had abandoned them. The rise of mysticism only reassured them, and spurred them to bolder acts when they learned that Habbakuk's followers were dwindling and ineffectual.

Many pirates are found among her devoted, choosing prime victims from among their raids. Indeed some captains lead groups of Zebolim, casting spells, summoning storms, and turning their ships into floating sacrificial platforms. Though they are a blood-cult, they are by no means unskilled in manipulation. Many are the towns that have unwillingly or unwittingly built a shrine to Zeboim, of their own volition making sacrifices to placate her. Such devotion amuses the Sea Queen, for there is little that pleases her and her followers more than the smell of mortal fear.

Membership: Humans, Ogre Mages, Hobgoblins, Dark Elves, Sea Elves

Size: 50–60, in groups of varying sizes

Area: Urban and Rural, Rivers and Coasts, Oceans



About the Author

John Grubber is a teacher, writer and illustrator who lives in Ontario, Canada, and is a regular contributor to *The Tobril*. He has been previously published in the *Dragonlance Rebels and Tyrants Short Story Anthology*, *More Leaves from the Inn of the Last Home* and *Bertrem's Guide to the War of Souls, Volume 1*. He is currently working on his first fantasy novel.



Physical Traits

and other details for Dragonlance PCs

—Written by Richard Connery



While during a battle against vicious draconians led by a renegade sorcerer deep within a dungeon or when fleeing through the woods trying to escape the clutches of a green dragon few players will be concerned about how tall his or her character is or what's the expected longevity of his or her character's race. It's quite possible the character won't live long enough to enjoy the later, quieter days, beside a fireplace entertaining restless grandchildren. Despite the above, height, weight, age and other details can play a role in shaping each character.

Perhaps she is unusually tall for a kender, becoming a sort of hero, or lucky charm, to other kender she meets. Or perhaps he is a slightly overweight dwarf, always dismissing snide remarks or even loosing his temper over it. Or perhaps you want to play a character who is not at his or her prime. Some groups prefer to skim over these details and get on with the action at hand, preferably with copious amount of cannon fodder along the way to the treasure. Others like to furnish their characters with painstaking detail where even something as innocent as starting money can generate sessions of pure roleplaying. However you play, this article provides your group with more information about the races and core classes of Ansalon. All the information was primarily compiled from the *Dragonlance Campaign Setting* and the *Age of Mortals* sourcebook. When no information was present, other, older material was referenced.

The Mystic and the Noble are core classes introduced in the *Dragonlance Campaign Setting*. You can find the Mariner

in the *Age of Mortals* campaign companion. All the new races mentioned here were introduced in the *Dragonlance Campaign Setting* with the exception of the Tarmak and Half-kender, which were presented in the *Age of Mortals* sourcebook.

NEW CORE CLASSES STARTING STEEL

This information adds to Table 7-1: Random Starting Gold on page 111 of the *Player's Handbook*. The table below presents coinage values as steel pieces (stl). As always, the type of coin used depends on the era you're playing with: before the first Cataclysm use gold; and steel from the first Cataclysm onward.

TABLE: 1-1: RANDOM STARTING STEEL

| Class | Amount (average) |
|---------|--------------------|
| Mariner | 4d4 × 10 (100 stl) |
| Mystic | 6d4 × 10 (150 stl) |
| Noble | 8d4 × 10 (200 stl) |

REINCARNATE SPELL

This information replaces the table on page 270 of the *Player's Handbook*. Because DL characters can be from non-standard races (i.e. races who are more powerful to warrant a Level Adjustment or LA) the *reincarnate* table can introduce party balancing problems. For instance, in a 5th-level party an irda character is 5th-level but only has 3 HD (because of its LA +2) unlike the party human ranger who has 5 HD. If the Irda character dies and is *reincarnated* as an elf (or any other standard race) it will appear as HD 2 (since a character loses 1 HD for dying). This makes the character's level now 2nd, which is very weak compared to the party's 5th level. Another example would be a 5th-level human wizard being *reincarnated* as an irda. She would lose 1 level because of dying but it would in fact become a 6th-level character because of the irda's LA. In light of this, individual DMs can, and should, choose the reincarnated race instead of rolling blindly whenever this problem can occur. To help facilitate this I have broken the races by level adjustment. Table 1-2 is for characters' whose current race doesn't have a LA (such as

human, kender or gnome). Table 1–3 is for characters' whose current race has LA +1 (such as bugbear, half-ogre or Baaz draconian). Table 1–4 is for races with LA +2 (such as centaur or ogre).

TABLE 1–2: REINCARNATED RACES FOR STANDARD RACES

| d% | Incarnation | Str | Dex | Con |
|-------|------------------------|-----|-----|-----|
| 01–05 | Dwarf (dark) | +0 | +0 | +2 |
| 06–09 | Dwarf (hill) | +0 | +0 | +2 |
| 10–13 | Dwarf (mountain) | +0 | +0 | +2 |
| 14–17 | Elf (kagonesti) | +0 | +2 | +0 |
| 18–21 | Elf (qualinesti) | +0 | +2 | –2 |
| 22–25 | Elf (silvanesti) | +0 | +2 | –2 |
| 26–30 | Gnome | –2 | +2 | +0 |
| 31–35 | Gnome (mad) | –2 | +2 | +0 |
| 36–39 | Goblin | –2 | +2 | +0 |
| 40–42 | Gully dwarf | +0 | +2 | +2 |
| 43–52 | Half-elf | +0 | +0 | +0 |
| 53–56 | Half-kender | +0 | +0 | +0 |
| 57–66 | Human (civilized) | +0 | +0 | +0 |
| 67–73 | Human (nomad) | +0 | +0 | +0 |
| 74–82 | Kender | –2 | +2 | +0 |
| 83–84 | Kobold | –4 | +2 | –2 |
| 85–95 | Minotaur | +4 | +2 | +0 |
| 96–99 | Tarmak | +2 | +0 | +2 |
| 100 | Other (DM's choice) | ? | ? | ? |

TABLE 1–5: RANDOM STARTING AGES AND AGING EFFECTS

| Race | Adulthood | Class | | | | | Age | | |
|----------------------|-----------|-----------|---------|--------|-------|-------|-------------------------|------------------|------------------------|
| | | Barbarian | Bard | Cleric | Druid | Monk | Maximum | | |
| | | Mariner | Fighter | Druid | Monk | Noble | Age | | |
| | | Rogue | Mystic | | | | | | |
| | | Sorcerer | Paladin | | | | | | |
| | | | Ranger | Wizard | | | Middle Age ¹ | Old ² | Venerable ³ |
| Human (civilized) | 15 years | +1d4 | +1d6 | +2d6 | | | 35 years | 53 years | 70 years |
| Human (nomad) | 15 years | +1d4 | +1d6 | +2d6 | | | 40 years | 60 years | 80 years |
| Centaur | 20 years | +2d6 | +4d6 | +6d6 | | | 50 years | 75 years | 100 years |
| Draconian (baaz) | 2 years | +1d4 | +1d6 | +2d4 | | | — | — | — |
| Draconian (kapak) | 2 years | +1d4 | +1d6 | +2d4 | | | — | — | — |
| Dwarf | 40 years | +3d6 | +5d6 | +7d6 | | | 125 years | 188 years | 250 years |
| Elf (kagonesti) | 70 years | +4d6 | +6d6 | +10d6 | | | 250 years | 375 years | 500 years |
| Elf (qualinesti) | 80 years | +4d6 | +6d6 | +10d6 | | | 275 years | 415 years | 550 years |
| Elf (silvanesti) | 80 years | +4d6 | +6d6 | +10d6 | | | 275 years | 415 years | 550 years |
| Gnome | 40 years | +4d6 | +6d6 | +9d6 | | | 100 years | 175 years | 250 years |
| Gully Dwarf | 5 years | +1d4 | +1d6 | +2d4 | | | 25 years | 45 years | 50 years |
| Half-elf | 20 years | +1d6 | +2d6 | +3d6 | | | 62 years | 93 years | 125 years |
| Half-kender | 16 years | +1d4 | +2d4 | +3d4 | | | 50 years | 75 years | 100 years |
| Half-ogre | 14 years | +1d6 | +1d8 | +2d8 | | | 40 years | 60 years | 80 years |
| Irda | 80 years | +4d6 | +6d6 | +8d6 | | | 150 years | 350 years | 550 years |
| Kender | 20 years | +2d4 | +3d6 | +4d6 | | | 50 years | 75 years | 100 years |
| Minotaur | 17 years | +1d6 | +2d6 | +3d4 | | | 40 years | 70 years | 130 years |
| Ogre | 10 years | +1d4 | +1d6 | +2d4 | | | 45 years | 68 years | 90 years |
| Sea Elf (dargonesti) | 40 years | +3d6 | +5d6 | +9d6 | | | 250 years | 375 years | 500 years |
| Sea Elf (dimernesti) | 40 years | +3d6 | +5d6 | +9d6 | | | 225 years | 338 years | 450 years |
| Tarmak | 15 years | +1d4 | +1d6 | +2d6 | | | 40 years | 60 years | 80 years |

1 At middle age, –1 to Str, Dex, and Con; +1 to Int, Wis, and Cha.

2 At old age, –2 to Str, Dex, and Con; +1 to Int, Wis, and Cha.

3 At venerable age, –3 to Str, Dex, and Con; +1 to Int, Wis, and Cha.

TABLE 1–3: REINCARNATED RACES FOR RACES WITH LA +1

| d% | Incarnation | Str | Dex | Con |
|-------|-------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|
| 01–09 | Bugbear | +4 | +2 | +2 |
| 10–23 | Draconian (baaz) ¹ | +0 | +0 | +2 |
| 24–39 | Gnoll | +4 | +0 | +2 |
| 40–53 | Half-ogre | +4 | +0 | +2 |
| 54–72 | Lizardfolk | +2 | +0 | +2 |
| 73–81 | Sea Elf (dargonesti) | +2 | +2 | +0 |
| 82–99 | Sea Elf (dimernesti) | +0 | +2 | +0 |
| 100 | Other (DM's choice) | ? | ? | ? |

¹ This race has 2 racial HD.

TABLE 1–4: REINCARNATED RACES FOR RACES WITH LA +2

| d% | Incarnation | Str | Dex | Con |
|-------|--------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|
| 01–23 | Centaur ² | +8 | +4 | +4 |
| 24–41 | Draconian (kapak) ¹ | +0 | +2 | +2 |
| 42–67 | Irda | +0 | +0 | –2 |
| 68–84 | Ogre ² | +10 | –2 | +4 |
| 85–99 | Troglodyte | +0 | –2 | +4 |
| 100 | Other (DM's choice) | ? | ? | ? |

¹ This race has 2 racial HD.

² This race has 4 racial HD.

Please note that certain races have racial HD, such as baaz, ogres or centaurs. I've noted which DL specific races do in the above tables. (See also the *Monster Manual* for this information for the rest of the races.) This can pose further party

balance problems with the *reincarnate* spell. DM's should therefore adjudicate when some table result would severely unbalance the party. The *Savage Species* accessory can provide some guidelines on this issue with the Rituals mechanic on page 147.

RANDOM STARTING AGES

Table 1-5 on the previous page replaces Table 6-4: Random Starting Ages and Table 6-5: Aging Effects on page 109 of the *Player's Handbook*. Thus far, no one knows the lifespan of draconians.

HEIGHT AND WEIGHT

This information replaces Table 6-6: Random Height and Weight on page 109 of the *Player's Handbook*. Aside from the information on Table 1-6 below, male minotaur horns can raise an adult male's height by 1-2 feet and an adult female's height by 6-12 inches.



About the Author

Richard Connery has been running his current Dragonlance campaign for over 4 years now, transferring it to D&D 3E rules in the middle of the War of the Lance. He still hopes to run a *Masque of the Red Death* campaign with his regular players someday. Richard's other interests include graphic design, programming and reading as much as he can, from physics papers to fantasy literature.

TABLE 1-6: RANDOM HEIGHT AND WEIGHT

| Race | Base Height | Height Modifier | Base Weight | Weight Modifier |
|-------------------------------------|-------------|-----------------|-------------|-----------------|
| Human (civilized), male | 4' 10" | +2d10 | 120 lb. | × (2d4) lb. |
| Human (civilized), female | 4' 5" | +2d10 | 85 lb. | × (2d4) lb. |
| Human (nomad), male | 5' | +2d10 | 120 lb. | × (2d4) lb. |
| Human (nomad), female | 4' 6" | +2d10 | 85 lb. | × (2d4) lb. |
| Centaur, male | 6' | +2d12 | 1,800 lb. | × (2d8) lb. |
| Centaur, female | 5' 10" | +2d12 | 1,750 lb. | × (2d8) lb. |
| Draconian (baaz), male | 4' 6" | +2d6 | 130 lb. | × (2d8) lb. |
| Draconian (baaz), female | 4' 5" | +2d6 | 110 lb. | × (2d6) lb. |
| Draconian (kapak), male | 5' 10" | +2d6 | 130 lb. | × (2d6) lb. |
| Draconian (kapak), female | 5' 2" | +2d6 | 120 lb. | × (2d6) lb. |
| Dwarf, male | 3' 9" | +2d4 | 130 lb. | × (2d6) lb. |
| Dwarf, female | 3' 7" | +2d4 | 100 lb. | × (2d6) lb. |
| Elf (kagonesti), male | 4' 4" | +2d6 | 85 lb. | × (1d6) lb. |
| Elf (kagonesti), female | 4' 4" | +2d6 | 80 lb. | × (1d6) lb. |
| Elf (qualinesti/silvanesti), male | 4' 6" | +2d6 | 85 lb. | × (1d6) lb. |
| Elf (qualinesti/silvanesti), female | 4' 6" | +2d6 | 80 lb. | × (1d6) lb. |
| Gnome, male | 3' | +2d4 | 50 lb. | × 1 lb. |
| Gnome, female | 2' 10" | +2d4 | 45 lb. | × 1 lb. |
| Gully dwarf, male | 3' 2" | +2d6 | 75 lb. | × 2 lb. |
| Gully dwarf, female | 3' | +2d6 | 65 lb. | × 2 lb. |
| Half-elf, male | 4' 7" | +2d8 | 100 lb. | × (2d4) lb. |
| Half-elf, female | 4' 5" | +2d8 | 80 lb. | × (2d4) lb. |
| Half-kender, male | 4' 7" | +2d4 | 80 lb. | × (2d6) lb. |
| Half-kender, female | 4' 5" | +2d4 | 65 lb. | × (2d6) lb. |
| Half-ogre, male | 6' 3" | +2d12 | 230 lb. | × (4d4) lb. |
| Half-ogre, female | 6' | +2d12 | 200 lb. | × (4d4) lb. |
| Irda, male | 4' 10" | +2d10 | 110 lb. | × (2d4) lb. |
| Irda, female | 4' 10" | +2d10 | 85 lb. | × (2d4) lb. |
| Kender, male | 3' | +1d6 | 45 lb. | × 1 lb. |
| Kender, female | 2' 10" | +1d6 | 40 lb. | × 1 lb. |
| Minotaur, male | 6' 5" | +2d12 | 250 lb. | × (2d4) lb. |
| Minotaur, female | 6' | +2d12 | 230 lb. | × (2d4) lb. |
| Ogre, male | 8' 2" | +2d6 | 550 lb. | × (2d8) lb. |
| Ogre, female | 8' 2" | +2d6 | 550 lb. | × (2d8) lb. |
| Sea Elf (dargonesti), male | 5' 8" | +2d6 | 100 lb. | × (2d4) lb. |
| Sea Elf (dargonesti), female | 5' 4" | +2d6 | 90 lb. | × (2d4) lb. |
| Sea Elf (dimernesti), male | 5' 4" | +2d6 | 95 lb. | × (2d4) lb. |
| Sea Elf (dimernesti), female | 5' 2" | +2d6 | 80 lb. | × (2d4) lb. |
| Tarmak, male | 5' 10" | +2d6 | 130 lb. | × (2d6) lb. |
| Tarmak, female | 5' 8" | +2d6 | 100 lb. | × (2d6) lb. |